VIRGIN BUSHWHACKERS

Missouri Maidens Who Played Guerillas During the War.

NOTED MAYFIELD SISTERS

Brutal Scenes of Blood and Carnage in Which They Took Part—Beautiful Young Amazons in Many Fights.

Perhaps the desperate nature of the civil war in Missouri will never be correctly understood save by the actual participants, says a Chillicothe, Mo., special to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. It was bad to begin with, and it grew worse all the way down to the close, two months after Lee surrendered.

Plenty of men of Northern birth and lineage wore the gray, and the guerrilla king, Charlie Quantrill, was an Ohio man, born and reared. Some of the best blood of the South was hottest for the union, and South Carolinians, Virginians and Mississippians fought to save it against Pennsylvanians, Ohioans and Illinois men who tried to destroy it.

The pro confederates became the more demoralized of the two parties; perhaps this was because, after Wilson's Creek and Lexington, their cause was steadily lost, and the prospects for its ultimate success daily waned, and desperation comes oftener than resignation from defeat, and madness, hot as vitrol, frequently succeeds the coldest despair.

As Bad as Their Brothers.

Women become as bad as their brothers. From the sewing of bandages and the scraping of lint came the molding of bullets, the smuggling of caps, the making of catridges and then lying and spying and the luring and betrayal of men to death. In the country it was hard to find a woman, no matter how fair her face and refined her character, who was really a non-combatant, and was not guilty of numerous acts of hostility.

Riding along from Brunswick to Laclede, in the summer of 1863, Lieut. William Reeves of Davis county, a union officer of militia, drew bridle at a little cabin east of Campton's Ferry, in Chariton county. A bright cheery-faced little woman met him at the door in one hand a butcher knife, in the other a whetstone, her face abeam, her eyes aglow. "Hush," she said; "there s a reb in the back room, sound asleep. Go in, quick, and kill him! I told him I was a good secesh, too," she went on, "and he says he is a bushwhacker and has been two nights without sleep, and so I fed him and coaxed him to go to bed, and he has been snoring for two hours. Hurry in—don't mind the blood on the bed."

"And what were you going to do with the knife," asked the officer.

"As soon as I got it sharp enough," she calmly replied, "I was going to stick it through his heart."

Think of that! And three years before this little woman, into whom the spirit of Jael seemed to have entered, was a Sunday school teacher, earnestly impressing upon children the divine injunction: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them."

The officer secured the bushwhacker's arms, then the bushwhacker himself, and took him to Laclede a prisoner, instead of slaying him where he slept, to the manifest disappointment and sorrow of the little hostess, who petulantly said: "I have seen rebs after they were dead, but I wanted to see one killed!"

Some Women Spies.

There were more rebel women spies than men, and they were the shrewdest, the most zealous and the most unscrupulous. Some of these underwent all sorts of experiences in their efforts to help the southern cause. Some of them risked not only their lives, but their honor—aye, and lost it, too, tossing it gladly into the scale, believing that the end would justify the means.

There was Anna Fickel of Lafayette, a fair young rebel girl, who made Quantrill's black silk flag from the skirt of her dress, and supplied the guerillas with so much powder, shot and caps that Quantrill ought to have made her his chief of ordnance. It was Anna and a woman old enough to be her grandmother who compassed the murder of two union soldiers in order to effect the release of Andy Blunt, a guerilla prisoner, who was permitted to visit the grandmother's house. Blunt escaped for the time, but a few days later the Saline county militia came upon him, and beat out his brains with tobacco sticks. Miss Fickel was sent to Alton prison.

In 1864 nearly every federal military prison in the state had confederate women inmates. They had been arrested for feeding guerrillas, giving them information and assistance, spying upon Union troops, writing letters, smuggling ammunition and even arms and for other kinds of mischief, which certain rebel ladies delighted to perpetrate. Some of these were girls from 16 to 18, others were women of 40 and 50. The majority of these ladies were released after short imprisonments, but many were held until the close of the war or banished from the state. Mrs. Samuels, the mother of the James boys, was sent to Nebraska.

Bold Puss Michaels.

In the latter part of the war so bad had things become that least four score girls and women in Western and Southern Missouri became guerrillas purely and simply, and they were not so very pure or so very simple either. There was Puss Michaels, a Cass county girl, who was mortally wounded in a fight between a squad of Missouri guerillas and some Kansas men, on the Marais des Cygnes, in the fall of 1863, after the Lawrence raid and massacre. She carried two revolvers, was dressed partly in male attire and died with her boots on.

There were 20 or more girls and women with Quantrill and Bill Anderson at the slaughter of General Blunt's escort (65 men), at Baxter Springs, the week after Puss Michaels was killed. I have it from an ex-guerilla, who was present, that half a dozen of these bushwacker belles took part in the chase and massacre of Blunt's men.

Two Noted Sisters.

In 1864 fully a score of the rebel girls of Vernon were riding with the guerrillas and bushwhackers. The most noted of these were the Mayfield sisters. Their mother was a widow, and they were young widows. Their husbands and two of their brothers, Brice and "Crack" Mayfield, desperate bushwhackers, had been killed. Sally Mayfield, as she was best known, though her real name was McCoy, was a pretty young woman of 23 in the spring of 1864. She is now a respected matron, a good Christian woman, and not long since lived near her old home in Southeastern Vernon.

She joined the guerrillas in the spring of 1864, becoming the wife of Dave Majors, the leader of a small band that operated in Southwestern Missouri and Northwestern Arkansas. She rode with her husband for hundreds of miles, shared all his perils, hardships and privations, and was by his side when he got his death wound. She had many a narrow escape from death. Her dress was often pierced by bullets, and she knows what it is to ride hard, to fight hard, to be hungry, and tired, and cold, to bivouac on the wet ground, and to undergo all the vicissitudes of guerilla life.

On one occasion she and her husband and his band were going into camp for the night on Cynthia creek, in the southern part of Vernon county. The horses had been unsaddled; Sally was spreading the blankets for her and her husband's bed; the other members of the band were dressing a foraged pig and preparing supper. Suddenly a company of Kansas cavalry dashed upon the camp, shouting and firing. Taken unawares, the guerillas fled, every man for himself. The Kansans followed them, hardly stopping to loot the camp. Sally was back in the brush, and was not seen. In a few minutes all was quiet in the camp. The horses were all gone, the men all gone. Faint shouts came from the distance and sundry pistol shots not louder than the tapping of a woodpecker.

A Terrible Night.

When darkness came, Sally stole out of her covert, taking with her her blankets and her husband's pistols and saddle, and improvised a shelter out of some fence rails, for a rain was coming. It would not do to stir up the fire and cook supper, and she lay down to rest, hungry and anxious for the safety of her husband and comrades. Later in the night, attracted by the smell of fresh meat, wild vermin came to feast on the carcass of the pig, and skunks and opossums snarled and fought over it until a wildcat came and drove them all away. Not 50 feet away lay Sally, a keen bowie knife in her plump hand, to settle the wildcat if he should attack her. She feared to fire her revolver at him, least the report should bring back the Kansas men, who were as fierce as wildcats, and for other reasons more to be dreaded.

All the next day she hid in the brush, from where she could watch the camp, hoping some of the boys would camp, but toward evening, half famished from hunger and thrist, she hid her weapons and equipments and made her way to a house two miles distant, where the remnant of a family lived. Here the next day she was joined by her husband and three or four of his men who somehow had, picked up a horse apiece, and soon they were on the warpath again. That night as Sally and her husband were sleeping on a broad, open prairie in Barton county she suddenly awoke with an unaccountable sense of impending danger. She had a task to induce her husband to move camp, but they had not gotten half a mile away when a body of union cavalry rode over the ground they had just quitted.

Sally was a splendid horsewoman, and to save a man's life at Fort Scott she once rode 120 miles in 12 hours, across country, leaping ravines, skurrying through woodlands and half swimming creeks, without an hour's rest or a wink of sleep.

A Bad Girl Guerilla.

Eliza McGovern, tall and finely formed, was another girl guerrilla. Her husband belonged to Livingston's band for a time, but was killed in the fall of 1863. She was captured the next day in male attire. She was taken to Springfield, but in a few days contrived to escape, and mounting a sore-backed cavalry horse which had been turned loose to die, she made her way over the spurs of the Ozarks to her old haunts. A few weeks later, with half a dozens male companions, she captured two furloughed Kansas soldiers on their way home and shot them to death on the banks of Spring river, in Jasper county. She died in the summer of 1864 in a guerrilla camp near Mount Vernon, with none but men about her at a time when she most needed the ministrations of her own sex.

Ben Broomfield, a tall, bronze-visaged guerrilla, one of Bill Anderson's best—or worst—men, threw his life away because his sweetheart, a Lexington girl, beautiful as "Edith of the swan's neck," had played him false for another bushwhacker.

Bill Anderson's Sisters.

Bill Anderson's sisters were not guerillas outright, but they did what they could to help their brothers, Bill and Jim, after they "started out" in the spring of 1863. The girls were forced to leave their home, in Lyon county, Kan., and took refuge in Jackson county, Mo., after their brothers killed Captain Beatty and burned his store. On a very common charge against rebel women in those days, "aiding bushwhackers," they were arrested and put in the female prison at Kansas City. The building in which they and others were confined fell, and one of the Anderson girls was so badly injured that she ultimately died. Mrs. McCullough, another of the sisters, who, a few years since, was living in Jackson county, some miles back of Wellington, was in the prison when it fell and was also severely hurt.

The names of other Missouri girls who rode with the rebel knights of the black flag might be mentioned if there were any good reasons why they should be. Many guerrilla of the war, and many a "red leg" and jayhawker, too, is now a useful and respected member of society. Many a woman, who at one period, intoxicated by the smell of gunpowder and crazed by the sight of blood and the other dreadful sights about her, did unwomanly and even inhuman deeds, is now an exemplary matron and a loving wife and mother.

Signal Service Suggestions.

He had finally reached the top of the Auditorium tower, and when he entered the signal service office he said, abruptly:

"This 'ere's where you give out weather predictions, ain't it?'

The clerk nodded.

"Well," continued the old man, "I thought as how I could come up an' give you some pointers."

"Yes," said the clerk politely.

"Yes; I've figgered on it a little an' I find that ye ain't al'ays right."

"No; we sometimes make mistakes."

'Course ye do. We all does some time. Now, I was thinkin' as how a line that used to be on the auction handbills down in our county might do fust rate on your weather predictions an' save ye a lot of explainin'."

"What was the line?"

"Wind an' weather permittin'."

He went down without wating for the elevator.

There Are Many Others Like Him.

From the Chicago Tribune.

When he opened the door at 3 a. m. his wife met him in the hall.

"You didn't stay at the office as late as this, did you?" she asked.

"Of course not," he replied. "I left the office a little before 12, and while I was waiting for my car the clock struck. Then I suddenly remembered that Mac said I couldn't have a drink."

"You didn't want one, did you?"

"Well, no; but it made me sort of mad to have Mac say I couldn't have one."

"There's a decanter here on the sideboard."

"Yes, I know, but I didn't want that. Mac said I couldn't have one down town, and that's what riled me."

"Who's Mac?"

"Why, don't you know Mac? McClaughry, chief of police. He said I couldn't drink after midnight, but I fooled him. I walked a mile or two, but I fooled him three or four times. I just wanted to have it clearly understood that I wasn't going to be dictated to in that way. I'd have been home earlier but for that."

ANTIQUITY'S ODD FEET

Strange Fossil Footprints Discovered in Massachusetts.

MADE IN RED SANDSTONE

Characteristics of Remarkably Queer Animals as Revealed to Geologists—Connecting Link Between Birds and Reptiles.

Several footprints of reptiles of various dimensions have lately been discovered about three miles from Holyoke, says the Springfield *Republican*, upon the rock in G. L. Bosworth's quarry, near the shore of the Connecticut river, which have caused considerable excitement and elicited many inquiries.

These discoveries occur not infrequently, more than 12 00 of such footmarks having already been brought to light, and, in fact, it is well known throughout the scientific world that the new red sandstone of the Connecticut valley, which extends about 110 miles from north to south and averages about 20 miles in width from east to west, is one of the most prolific depositories of fossil prints. Slabs of this stone, having upon them the wonderful indentations, can be found in almost all the museums of this country and Europe.

A few days ago, accompanied by my friend, Professor Woodman, who is, as the world knows, one of the most profound scholars in the natural sciences, I visited Mr. Bosworth's quarry. The soil over the rocks which is not very thick at that locality, had been removed and left exposed an extensive area, upon which a large number of tracks are apparent. Professor Woodman said that in all his ramblings through the world he had not seen such a large number clustered together in so circumscribed a place. Several of the tracks can be traced from one end of the quarry to the other.

There is not only a large number of them, but they are of various sizes, and were made by animals of different species, though the conformation of the foot indicates that they belong to the same genus. Some of the tracks measure 18 inches in length and 10 in width; others are 10 inches long, and there are others that do not measure more than three or four inches, and are of proportional width. A slab taken out near the edge of the public road which forms the northern boundary of the quarry has two large, well delineated tracks upon its surface 4 feet 6 inches apart, which indicates the stride in the step of the animal.

Tracks Have the Same Conformation.

All the tracks bear the same conformation of the foot—that is, all have only three toes, and the steps bear the same characteristics—they are single, that is, made by bipeds. There is no doubt that they are much smaller now than when first made. The mud, in drying up, must have contracted considerably to become as the rock is to-day, of a crystalline nature. Many of these fossil prints bear a close resemblance to the tracks of birds, so much so that for years many of them were believed to have been made by some of the feathered tribes, but since the discovery of the dinosaurs in the triassic strata the question has been definitely settled. There is no doubt now that these tracks were made by several species of reptiles which have already been found in the triassic beds of Nevada and California, and on the western slope of the Rocky mountains. The numerous tracks found show that these little animals formed a large genus, with very many species. One species had three toes, another had four, and another five. The three-toed was the most numerous and produced species of enormous sizes. The Brontozoum Giganteum, the Otozoum Moodii, belong to the three-toed variety and were from 14 to 15 feet in height. The four-toed and five-toed species were not quite so numerous, but they produced individuals of still greater dimensions. Specimens have been found that measured 18 feet in height and their tracks 24 inches in length.

The fossils of all these animals show that all the species had large heads, saurian-like, with enormous teeth. They all had four legs, but made little use of their fore legs, which were very small and athrophied for want of use. These characteristics indicate that they were in form as well as in habits closely allied to the bird family.

They Walked on Their Hind Legs.

The fact that they walked on their hind legs, that their bones were hollow like those of birds, that they had the same conformation of the foot and were biped in their habits, points to the conclusion that they were the primitive sketches of a new design which was just in the stage of its evolution, an intermediate form or a connecting link emerging from the reptilian genus into the genus bird. They are surely nearer the type bird than that of any other, and if it were not for their fore legs they might be classed at once as the primitive genus of the feathered tribe.

The fact that they had teeth does not preclude the possibility of their being intermediate between reptiles and birds, because teeth were a very common appendage to the primitive birds are still found with some of our living birds. The parrot and the penguin have rudiments of teeth and alveolar processes. That confirmation in fossil birds was the law, and its absence was the exception. Several species had jaws like saurians, and were saurian-like in their disposition and appearance. The archaepteryx, the gastornis, the hesperornis, the ichthyornis and many others were of that sort. Some of these birds had teeth three inches in length, sharp and pointed.

But the dinosaurs were not the only animals which had the privilege to rove over the muddy plain of this valley. A large number of other footprints have been found which must have been made by other animals belonging to different orders. The tracks of the labyrinthodonts, the enaliosaurs, the belodonus lepturus, the dromatherium and many others are often met with. In 1842 the late Professor Hitchcock had already examined 2,000 which had been made by 32 species of bipeds and 14 species of quadrupeds.

Questions as to the World's Age.

In regard to footprints, the question upon which centers the greatest interest is not about their number or nature, nor of the character or disposition of the animals that made them, but in their immense antiquity. If they dated only a few years back they would not be noticed. But their age is so immense that we can never form an adequate conception of its duration, and it is so with all the geological periods. The number of centuries required to bring the state of the earth from a vaporous mass into its concrete form, and then through the series of transformations which have marked the evolutions of the radiates into the articulates, and these into the mollusks, and the mollusks into the fishes, and the fishes into the reptiles, and the reptiles into the birds, and the birds into the mammalians, and the mammalians into the genus homo, baffle our imagination. The only means we have to unravel the past is the division of time adopted for geology—that is, the azoic, or time previous to the appearance of the organic life; the eozoic, or the time when life first appeared; the paleozoic, or age of fishes; the mesozoic, or age of reptiles; the cenozoic, or the age of the mammalians. The evolution of a class of animals into other classes and species is called an age; the group of rocks laid during an age is an era, and each rock of an era is called a period; thus we say, the paleozoic is the age of fishes, and comprises the Devonian era, which is composed of the "Portage," Hamilton, corniferous; and the Oriskany periods. The chronology of a rock is determined by its fossils if it is sedimentary, and by its chemical or physical composition and arrangement if it is plutonic. These minor points are indispensable for the intelligent study of the science and to enable one to grasp its intricate problems.

WATTERSON ON THE CROPS.

Characteristic Observations by the Star-Eyed Goddess.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Baa! Baa! black sheep,
Have you any wool?"
"Yes, I have, master,
Three bags full.
One for the master,
One for the dame,
One for McKinley,
Who cries in the lane."

This country is harvesting the best crops in its history, if we except the cotton crop. For the year just closed the crop was 8,625,000 bales, an excess of 1,340,000 bales over the highest previously recorded. It is not probable these figures will be equaled for several years.

Yet we will have at least 5,500,000 bales of cotton to sell in foreign markets. We will have from 200,000,000 to 250,000,000 bushels of wheat for which we must find foreign purchasers. In addition, we have tobacco and meat to sell in large quantities. If we had no foreign markets at all, or if they were even partially closed to us, the large surplus would have to be marketed at home, and the result would be the lowest range of prices ever known.

Fortunately now, as in 1877, 1878 and 1879, a combination of events works for the prosperity of the American people. While we are gathering these fruits of the field, while with us the husbandman is rewarded abundantly, in Europe the rains have fallen at unpropitious periods, and drouth and storms have laid waste their fields. To avoid famine, Russia forbids the exportation of grain, and leaves America in undisputed possession of the markets. Hunger undermines the tariff wall of Germany, and meat and grain from America will be eagerly demanded. England seeks food always where she can get it cheapest, believing that a nation is enriched, not by what it sends away, but by what it receives in exchange.

The one difficulty in the way of a fair and profitable exchange of these vast crops is the American tariff. The one nation that, by its laws, places an embargo on its own grain trade, is America. The farmers may, under the McKinley law, send wheat to Europe, but they can not exchange this wheat for other articles, for clothing, for instance, for household furniture, for tools and implements of agriculture, except on the pain of forfeiture of one-third of the return cargo.

We will send abroad 250,000,000 bushels of wheat. For it we will receive say $250,000,000. This will be invested in clothing, in carpets, in linens, in furniture, in chinaware, in tinware, in hardware, etc., etc.

When these cargoes reach New York they are seized by federal officers. They are weighed and measured and valued, and the owners are compelled to pay in duties 50 per cent. of the value of the cargoes. This will be a tax of $125,000,000.

In other words, the farmers must send abroad three bushels of wheat in order to get in return the exchange value of two.

Last year the exports of cotton amounted to 5,800,000 bales. One-third of the return cargoes were confiscated under the plea of protection.

Of last year's cotton crop, two-thirds were exported, one-third was consumed at home.

It required all the cotton sold to American mills to pay the duties on the return cargoes taken in exchange for the 5,800,000 bales sold abroad.

Here we have an object lesson illustrating the injustice and the oppression of our whole system of protection, so-called.

The farmer he pays the freight; he pays the tax; he pays the pensions. To do this he has to cultivate three acres in order to have for his own use the product of two.

It is the most stupenduous system of iniquity and oppression to which any free people ever submitted, and yet the farmer who works three days for two days' wages, is expected to walk up to the polls in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, and in the great Northwest and vote for McKinley and protection.

Down with the war tariff!

MME. GUZMAN'S WILL.

An Incentive for Astronomers to Open Communication With Other Worlds.

The will of Mme. Guzman, a wealthy Parisienne who died last June, has lately been opened. It contains amongst other items, three very curious legacies. By the first she leaves the large sum of 10,000 francs to the Academy of Science, to found a prize which is to be given to the person, Frenchman or foreigner, "who shall discover a way to correspond with one of the heavenly bodies—that is to say, to receive an answer from the inhabitants of a planet to some sign made to them on ours." No particular planet is specified, provided it be not Mars, which Mme. Guzman thinks, "is already sufficiently known." This last condition will most probably put off for an unlimited period of years the awarding of the money. The prize is to be named the "Pierre Guzman prize," in memory of Mme. Guzman's son, a major in the French army, whose life was spent searching after the mysterious problems which psychical societies endeavor to solve. His last words were: "Do we after death still keep our individuality?" Mme. Guzman had a belief in the mysterious and still doubtful "telepathy," and, probably, she was convinced that if ever we did communicate with the stars it would be owing to it. However, as she saw well enough that it would be a long time ere the money could be awarded, Mme. Guzman enacted by her will that the interest of the £4,000 be left to accumulate for five years, and then be given away in prizes to persons "who shall have greatly increased our knowledge of the constitution of the heavenly bodies or of their connection with our own planet, either by means of extremely perfected instruments or by any other method." These last words clearly allude to "telepathy." Mme. Guzman's second legacy is as unlikely as the first to be ever paid off. She has left 50,000 francs to the man who discovers a cure for confirmed organic heart diseases, of which Pierre Guzman died five years ago. Her third legacy is still more curious. Fifty thousand francs are left to the Assistance Publique that music may be played in the homes of Ste. Perinne, Issy and les Petits-Menages, where the old and infirm can live comfortably for a moderate rate, not generally exceeding £50 a year. Military bands are to be hired once a week to play, if Mme. Guzman's legacy is accepted.